

Excels the Nightingale.

THE hermit thrush is declared to be the most talented and brilliant singer in the world, not even excepting the nightingale, says the American Forestry Association. The tail of this little bird is of a reddish brown, much brighter than the back and head, while the breast is quite heavily spotted with black. It winters in the Gulf States.

We Love Those Who Admire Us, but Not Always Those We Admire



Magazine Page



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the flight of Bleriot, in a monoplane, across the English Channel. In a few years this then record-making feat became an everyday occurrence. Flight across the Atlantic is now accomplished and a trans-Pacific flight is next in order.

THE LOVE GAMBLER

A Clever Story by a Famous Authoress

Norah Decides to Leave After Dropping Some Mysterious Hints Which Fail to Produce Any Impression on Miss Leighton

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER XXV.
ALTHOUGH more than a week slipped by Norah's unuttered predictions with regard to Smith's apologetics were not fulfilled. At first she avoided seeing him, sending Annie to answer his ring when he brought the car to the door. She fancied that if she shunned him he would make an effort to meet her.

On the contrary, he seemed to have forgotten her very existence. Annie reported that he only announced that the car was here, then withdrew without further speech.

The chambermaid's report was correct. David De Laine was too thankful at escaping Norah's attentions to be willing to risk further intercourse with either of the maids.

So when, one afternoon, Norah, changing her plan of campaign, opened the door for him, he behaved as he had done when Annie had answered his ring.

"Please tell Miss Leighton that the car is here," he said. And without further speech, turned away.

But Norah checked him. "Haven't you anything else to say?" she demanded.

He looked in surprise at her flushed face.

"I suppose," she went on, "that you'll pretend you never gave Miss Leighton the letter I wrote."

David was intensely annoyed. He had a quick temper and he did not wish any altercation with a girl who evidently did not know her place.

"If you refer to a sheet of paper that I picked up from the ground one evening—I did give it to Miss Leighton," he replied coldly.

"So you did give it to her, did you?" Norah sneered infuriated by his haughty manner. "After you'd read it, of course?"

"I certainly did not read it," he declared.

"I don't believe you!" Norah retorted.

She thought she was driving him into a corner and that he would quail under her scorn.

A Disappointed Girl.
Instead, with a slight lifting of the eyebrows, Smith went on down the steps without another glance in her direction.

She was so angry that her voice was unsteady as she announced that the car was waiting.

Desiree, however, did not notice the girl's agitation. She had concluded that the matter of the note had, after all, been of very little moment, although she still had an uncomfortable recollection of her maid's impertinence.

The fury of a woman scorned possessed Norah Daly this afternoon. She had used methods that she hoped would cause Smith acute discomfort, and they had had no effect upon him. She had burned her bridges behind her. There was no way in which she could re-open friendly communications with the chauffeur. Had he only quarreled

with her, it would have been easy. Absolute indifference and disdain are hard to fight. Norah had played her last card and lost.

Smith should suffer for this. She was determined on that. Moreover she had decided to leave Miss Leighton's employ. It was plain that her mistress had not forgotten Norah's impertinence of a few days ago. Well, the girl did not care. There were lots of places these days for girls! But before she went, she would get even with Smith.

Her month would be up on Friday. She would tell her mistress tomorrow morning that she was going.

She waited until after breakfast the following day before making her announcement. As yet she had not decided upon a way to punish the man who had flouted her, but she would surely find it.

When she entered her mistress's bedroom Desiree was standing by her dressing table, her sapphire and amethyst pendant and its chain in one hand, a small jewel case in the other.

An Evil Impulse.
"Norah," she said before the girl could speak, "please get a bit of paper and wrap up this box for me. I want to take the chain down to have it repaired, and I may as well take the pendant also to make sure that the setting is secure."

As Norah did her bidding, an evil impulse made her say:

"You was lucky, ma'am, to get this back the other day."

"Indeed?" Desiree replied. "If it had been found by a dishonest

person I would never have seen it again.

"Well, ma'am," the girl continued meekly, "even if a body meant to keep it he'd not have the courage to do it when he took time to think about it. He'd sure bring it back then."

Desiree looked at her, puzzled. "It was, fortunately, an honest person who found it," she commented. Norah smiled queerly. "It seems kinder queer that it dropped off when it never did before, don't it?" she suggested in a low voice.

"The catch was evidently defective," Miss Leighton said. "I had noticed that."

"Others might have noticed it, too," Norah remarked.

"What do you mean?" Desiree questioned.

"Oh, nothing, ma'am," was the cryptic reply.

There was a moment's pause. "I want to tell you," Norah said irrelevantly, "that I'll be leaving you on Friday."

If she had expected a start of surprise from her employer she was disappointed. Miss Leighton only nodded.

"Very well, Norah. I think myself it would be best to make a change. Thank you," as the girl handed her the neatly tied parcel.

Norah watched her mistress as she laid the box on her dressing table.

"That's all," Miss Leighton said, and the maid withdrew, feeling once more that she had been fooled in her attempt to produce a sensation.

(To Be Continued.)

Something New in Fashions

Here's the Uneven Skirt Line and a Model with Hawaiian Effect.



A model different and unusual. The underpart is black taffeta. The Hawaiian effect over the skirt ties on like an apron. The trimming is silver. The tam, patent finished, is straw. Short white gloves are the latest thing, even though they look a bit odd.



Photos by Underwood & Underwood.

A Summer dress of pink satin and an underslip of white organdy, tucked and ruffled. A lovely skirt for Summer days. The uneven skirt line, short in front and long in back, is here seen.

The Rhyming Optimist

OLD FRIEND FAN.

By Aline Michaelis.

DAYS of summer make us merry when a million roses bloom, when the peach and pear and cherry by the dozens we consume. All the woodland chorus singing, linnet, bluebird, thrush, and jay, send the echoes ringing, ringing through the joyous summer day. Not only in these regions of Dame Nature's rule and reign do we find that there are legions of old friends to greet again. When the sun of August, shining, steams and fries the busy mart, there is little use in whining, crying: "Sol, please have a heart." When we feel much like a fritter that's been fried a bit too long, and we sigh, a sign, "Cold Drinks!" When we pass into that parlor where they serve ice cream and things, we forget our wilted collar and our heart within us sings, for we meet with snowdrifts frozen into chunks of pink or blue, and we eat some half a dozen and devour

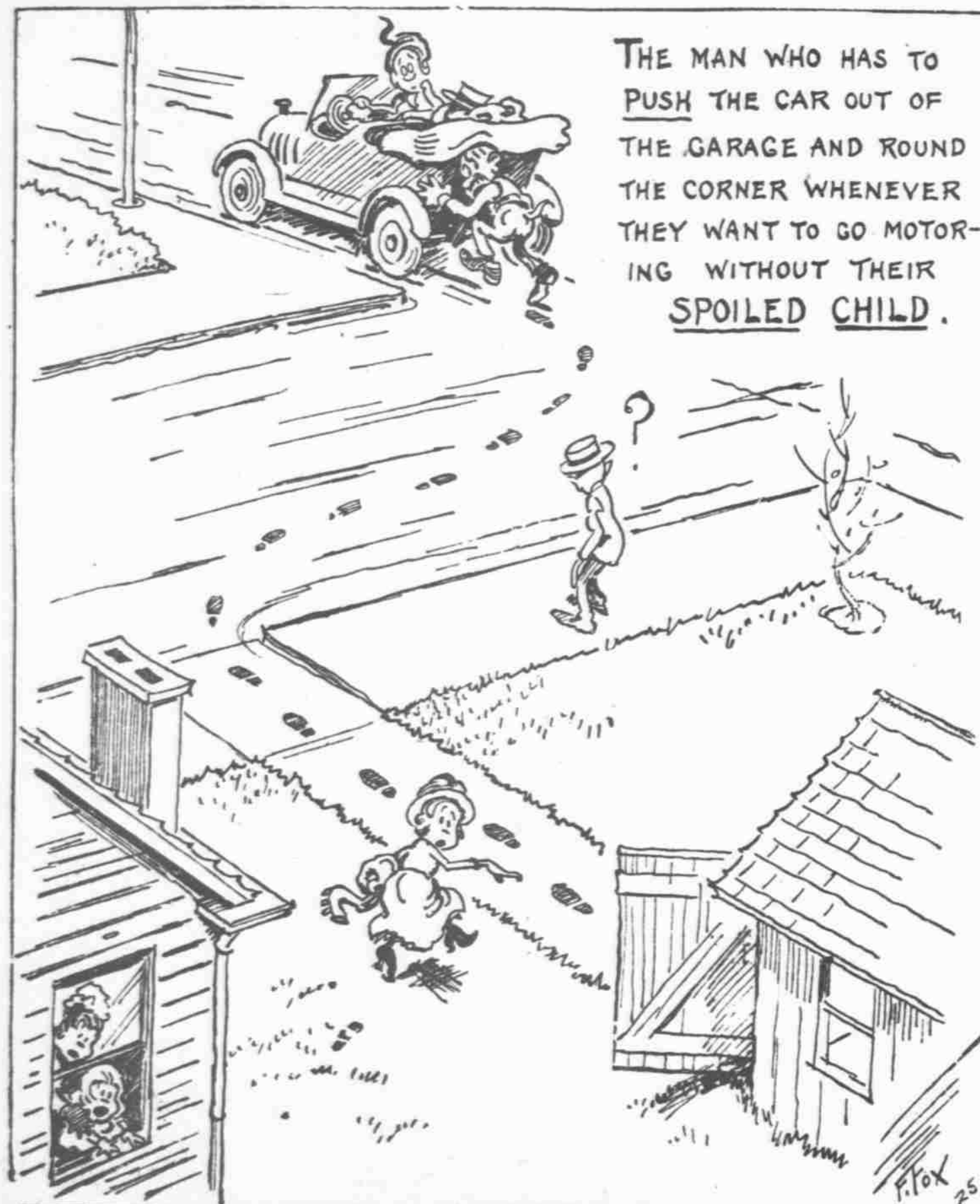
an iceberg stew. Over sunstrokes we don't bother when consuming fruit parfait. If we had a wealthy father we would buy that shop to-day. But of all the friends we tie to, these sultry summer days, old Friend Fan's the one we try to give the gladdest songs of praise. For he kids us through the summer and he jollies us along, till we say July's a hummer and through August sing a song. If it were not for his presence on such days as this we'd choose to be taking slumber's place in some silent mummy's shoes.

A Marketing Hint.

A boy went to a provision store and asked for "half a dozen black-hen eggs." The grocer laughed. "Eggs from a black hen?" he said. "How can you tell them, my little man?" "I can," My mother told me how." "Well, here you are! Let me see you pick them from the crate." The boy carefully selected the six biggest eggs he could find, put down the money on the counter and said, "Those are black-hen eggs that I have taken!"

PATHETIC FIGURES—

By FONTAINE FOX



THE MAN WHO HAS TO PUSH THE CAR OUT OF THE GARAGE AND ROUND THE CORNER WHENEVER THEY WANT TO GO MOTORING WITHOUT THEIR SPOILED CHILD.

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

I DIDN'T quite finish my story about the little crooked man and the little crooked bird when I was trying to remember what happened next. Well, all of a sudden the crooked cat jumped out of the window. "What's the matter now?" exclaimed the little crooked man, and he ran out into the yard, followed by Puss Junior and Fairy Nimbly Finger.

Of course, everything was as crooked as could be in the yard. The apple tree was twisted and bent and the clothes line had kinks in it. Even the little crooked man, and the crooked cat, and the crooked bird were trying to catch was crooked, and the eggs in its little crooked nest weren't round, but a queer kinky shape.

"Come here, kitty," cried the little crooked man. "Don't you hurt my little crooked birds." The crooked cat looked very much ashamed of herself. There are plenty of other birds if you must go a-hunting, but you let my crooked birds alone, and the little crooked man looked very cross, which is a sort of crooked way of looking when you come to think of it, isn't it?

Then they went into the little barn where a little crooked horse was eating hay. His legs were so crooked that Puss wondered how he could trot, but the little crooked man explained that he was a single-footer; that is, he only put one foot on the ground at a time for fear he'd get all four legs tangled up. After this they all sat down under the crooked apple tree.

"And now won't you tell us one of your adventures?" said the little crooked man with a funny little smile that turned the corner of his mouth up in a crooked way. So Puss Junior thought a moment and then began:

"One bright morning, a short time after I had left Mother Goose in her dear little house in the woods, I came to a broad highway. It was very dusty and by noon I was tired, for you see I had been riding with Mother Goose on her Gander, and it was hard to travel again on foot. Well, suddenly Yankee Doodle came riding by, on his dappled pony, a feather stuck upon his cap and trimmed with macaroni!

"Where's your horse?" he asked, and when I laughed and said I had none, he asked me to climb up be-

Save the Baby Now

DIET IS THE IMPORTANT THING.

By W. A. McKeever, M. D.
Professor in the University of Kansas and an Authority on Child Training.

THIS is the time of year when the little babies of city districts die like a lot of flies around a poison cup. And poison is precisely what kills them.

Heat never kills a healthy infant. It will cool and laugh and eat and sleep in perfect comfort and beauty during the sweltering days of July and August, provided you give its little life a square deal through extra safe-guarding of the diet and other matters.

Diet is far the most important life-and-death problem in relation to the little one. The excessive temperature quickly ferments the diet and thus a deadly poison may result in a poison and positively fatal dose at any moment.

Do not depend upon the like of myself, a layman, to explain the matter, but find out from a physician or nurse the most practical and reliable method of sterilizing baby's milk and of procuring such food as can be risked for the delicate stomach.

Do not expect the ordinary dairy

hind him. So I jumped up and away we went. Well, we rode so fast that we almost ran into the Man in the Moon, who came tumbling down to ask his way to Norway.

"Yankee Doodle Dandy just pulled up in time, and the pony slid on his hind feet and almost lost two shoes. And the Man in the Moon was very angry, and so was Yankee Doodle Dandy. 'You came down too soon,' he cried. 'Why didn't you wait until we had passed?'"

"Oh, that's very easy to say," said the Man in the Moon, "but you just try it yourself." And then he insisted upon going South, although we told him he'd burn his mouth by eating cold plum porridge."

Then Puss stood up and said good-by to the little crooked man in his little crooked house, and winked at the crooked cat and the little crooked mouse, and set off once more with Fairy Nimbly Finger by his side.

And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that. (Copyright, 1919, David Cory.)

To Be Continued.

milk to be safe every day. The driver will stop some day for a half-hour to tinker with his auto and will leave one bottle setting off the ice and that milk will go to your baby—perhaps—soured and filled with death. And then, mother, your heart will condemn you before God for your negligence.

Boil the bottle, boil the nipple, sterilize the milk, keep out the flies. Keep a net over baby in his crib. Keep his bottle and his food where no flies can touch them. And keep the milk clean and sterile, as stated above. Not even your church and your daily prayers should take precedence over this sacred duty to the tiny life which has been placed in your care.

Many good people who read this article and who have no infants of their own may yet do a beautiful bit of home missionary work among the babies of the neighborhood. And here they should not hesitate to enter in boldly. Unfortunately, thousands of the mothers of the very common classes do not yet realize that there is a special diet problem with reference to their infants, and that it is deeply intensified by the heat.

By consulting the nearest board of health or nursing school the "baby-saving" missionary may obtain brief literature for the purpose intended and thus receive simple and entirely safe guidance. Thousands have recently rallied to the call to save the bumper wheat crop, as a matter of duty and patriotism. I myself have taken a turn in the stubble field. But the baby crop is a thousand times more important, and the harvesters are all too few.

Strangers to say, there are still many who are more ready and willing to go out "bringing in the sheaves" in a round-up of sinners than are prepared to help save the innocent babies from death through summer poisoning.

Let us have no more of this one-sidedness. Every good citizen is called to do his part in saving the infant's life now.

Descriptive Power.

"Now," asked a teacher, "who can tell me what an oyster is?" There was silence for a moment. Then little Billy raised his hand. "I know!" he triumphantly announced. "An oyster is a fish built like a nut!"

HEARTS OF THREE

By JACK LONDON.

Messenger From Sky Arrives in Time to Save Francis and Friends From Perilous Situation

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)
Francis Morgan, descendant of Sir Henry Morgan, historic buccaner, decides to take up the old-time life of a white and plans a fishing trip to the Azores. He is accompanied by his friends, Alvaros Torres, a South American, who announces he has a tip on the location of treasure buried by Morgan in the old pirate days. Hogan has an idea.

Young Morgan calls for South American in pursuit of the treasure. Upon landing he encounters a strange young woman who appears to be his sister. He is freed upon a small boat. He is freed upon a small boat. He is freed upon a small boat.

Francis learns he and Henry, the mysterious stranger, are both descendants of Sir Henry Morgan. He is responsible for his peculiar greeting upon first landing on South American territory. Francis encounters Torres again. Francis is saved from death by Torres. Francis is saved from death by Torres.

Francis and Henry decide to go ashore to land their treasure. They came upon treasure. Francis and his friends again find themselves pursued and former battles with foes to enable others to escape.

All members of the party are captured. Henry and Jeff descend into pit, place a strange game. Francis and Henry decide to bring key to fortune from Chi's ear. Francis decides on exploration of pit. One of party falls to death. Henry goes for help. The friends are reunited in the Valley of Lost Souls. Torres is ordered to imbibe of the drink of death.

And his eyes returned to Leoncia's and expressed what he had never dared express to her before—his full heart of love. Apart, by virtue of the posts to which they were tied and which separated them, they had never been so close together, and the bond that drew them and untied them was their eyes.

First of all, the little maid, gazing into the sky for the sign, saw it. Torres, who had eyes only for the candle stub, nearly burned to its base, heard the maid's cry and looked up. And at the same time he heard, as all of them heard, the droning flight of some monstrous insect in the sky.

"An aeroplane," Francis muttered. "Torres claim it for the sign."

A New Arrival.
But no need to claim was necessary. Above them not more than a hundred feet, it swooped and circled, the first aeroplane the Lost Souls have ever seen, while from it, like a benediction from heaven, descended the familiar:

"Back to back against the mainmast. Hold at bay the entire crew." Completing the circle and rising to an elevation of nearly a hundred feet, they saw an object attach itself directly overhead, fall like a plummet from 200 feet, then expand into a spread parachute, with beneath it, like a spider suspended on a web, the form of a man, which last, as it neared the ground, began to sing:

"Back to back against the mainmast. Hold at bay the entire crew." And then even more on an event with supreme rapidity. The stub of the candle fell apart, the flaming wick fell into the tiny lake of molten fat, the lake flamed, and the oil-saturated faggots about it flamed. And Henry, landing in the thick of the Lost Souls, blanketing a goodly portion of them under his parachute, began to sing:

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strangers from the sky, and maybe the sun, are here in our valley, and that only the wisdom of her far dreams will make clear to us what we do not understand, and what even I do not understand."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Conveyed by the spearmen, the party of Leoncia, the two Morgans and Torres were led through the pleasant fields, all under a high state of primitive cultivation, and on across running streams and through woodland stretches and knee-deep pastures where grazed cows of so miniature a breed that, full grown, they were no larger than young calves.

"They're milch cows without mistake," Henry commented. "And you ever see such dwarfs? A strong man could lift the biggest specimen and walk off with it."

"Don't fool yourself," Francis spoke up. "Take that one over there, the black one. I'll wager it's not an ounce under 300 weight."

"How much will you wager?" Henry challenged.

"Name the bet," was the reply. "Then a hundred even," Henry stated, "that I can lift it up and walk away with it."

"But the bet was never to be decided, for the instant Henry left the path he was poked back by the spearmen who scowled and made signs that they were to proceed straight ahead.

Where the way came to lead past the foot of a very rugged cliff they saw above them the many goals. "Domesticated," said Francis. "Look at the herd, boys."

"I was sure it was goat-meat in that stew," Henry nodded. "I always did like goats. If the Lord Who Dreams, whoever she may be, vetoes the priest, and lets us live, and if we have to stop for the rest of our days with the Lost Souls, I'm going to petition to be made master goatherd of the realm and I'll build you a nice little cottage, Leoncia, and you can become the Exalted Cheese-Maker to the Queen."

But he did not whimsically wander further, for at that moment they emerged upon a lake so beautiful as to bring a long whistle from Francis, a handclap from Leoncia, and a muttered ejaculation of appreciation from Torres. Fully a mile in length it stretched, with more than half the same in width, and was a perfect oval.

Henry challenged, no habitation broke the fringe of trees, bamboo thickets and rushes that circled its shore, even the foot of the cliff where the bamboo was exceptionally luxuriant.

On the placid surface was so vividly mirrored the surrounding mountains that the eye could scarcely discern where reality ended and reflection began.

In the midst of her rapture over the perfect reflection Leoncia broke off to exclaim her disappointment in that the water was not crystal clear.

"What a pity it is so muddy!" "That's because of the wash of the rich soil of the valley floor," Henry elucidated. "It's hundreds of feet deep, that soil."

"The whole valley must have been a lake at some time," Francis concurred. "Run your eye along the cliff and see the old water line. I wonder what made it shrink."

"Earthquake, most likely—opened up some subterranean exit and drained it off to its present level—and keeps on draining it, too. Its rich chocolate color shows the amount of water that flows in all the small rivulets that descend here—much chance to settle. It's the catch basin for the entire circling watershed of the valley."

"Well, there's one house at least," Leoncia was saying, a minute later, as they rounded an angle of the cliff and saw, tucked against the cliff and extending out over the water, a low-roofed bungalow-like dwelling.

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

DO YOU LIKE BOOKS?

"The Life and Meaning of Roosevelt and His Message to Americans" is published in four volumes by the Current Literature Publishing Company, New York. The first volume, written by Eugene Thwing, is a sequel to the life in which the personality and the character of Roosevelt are revealed by striking experiences and stories in every period of his life. They give a series of living portraits of the man, the friend, the explorer, the politician, the reformer, the American in a more eloquent and understandable manner than any dry biography. They make it easier to get hold of his example, the secrets of his powers with men and his great success in getting things done.

Volumes 2 and 3 contain Roosevelt's stirring addresses and messages by which he roused the moral conscience of the American people on matters of the square deal in business, corporate wealth, the relations of capital and labor, child labor, the tariff, Federal land policy and the development of inland waterways. The 147 separate speeches and messages in these volumes form a complete and authentic record of the "Roosevelt policies" up to the last year of his presidency.

In volume 4 are gathered his important addresses and messages on Americanism, preparedness and the great national duties and ideals thrust upon the nation during the four years of world war. In this volume also are his ringing speeches during the sensational Presidential campaign in which he gave the people new conceptions of political liberty and a broader, loftier charter of democracy.